

ON THE HILL-TOP

little valley lies,
the clouds that dimmed life's

ON THE HILL-TOP.

Away in the dim and distant past,
That little valley lies,
Where the clouds that dimmed life's morning hours
Were winged with hope's sweet joys.

That peaceful spot from which I looked
To the future—aware
That the heat and burden of the day
Were meant for me to bear.

Ah! ah! I have borne the heat,
To the burden learned to bow;
For I stand on the top of the hill of life,
And I see the sunset glow.

I stand on the top, but I look not back
To the way behind me as I spread;
Not to the path my feet have trod,
But the path they still must tread.

And straight and plain before my gaze
That certain future lies.
But my own grows larger all the while,
A little smaller theirs.

Yes, the sun of my hope grows large and grand;
For, with my childish years,
I have left the mist that dimmed my sight,
I have left my doubts and fears.

And I have gained in hope and trust,
Till the future looks so bright,
That, letting go of the hand of faith,
I walk

For we only feel that faith is life,
And death is the fear of death,
When we suffer up to the solemn heights
Of a true and living faith.

When we do not say, the dead shall rise
At the resurrection's call;
But when we trust in the Lord, we know

That we cannot die at all!

ANECDOTES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY COL. J. W. FORNEY.

More than fifty colored delegates in the Republican National Convention in Philadelphia, June 1872. 82c.

1872: Statues of John C. Calhoun, Barnwell
tett, Dixon H. Lewis, John Slidell, and W.
neey, is this to be permitted? Little did t
ds of slavery twenty years ago think that su
offense would ever be dared. When I rec
wason, of Louisiana, with his curls and jew
d gold-headed cane; Ashe, of North Caroli
with his jolly yet imperious style; John R.

er, of Virginia, with his plantation manner
governor Manning, of South Carolina, as han-
ne as Mrs. Stowe's best picture of a ban-
thern school in "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Pie-
nule, with his handsome, haughty face, the
opes and apostles of the peculiar institution
nder how they would feel to see the South
ented in a National Convention by their fo-

slaves. A little more than ten years have passed to disprove all the predictions against the freedmen, and in nothing so much as in the intelligence of their representative leaders and in their own general improvement. If you were to compare the chiefs of the freedmen with the chiefs of the slaveholders, knowing them as I know them, you would soon realize that John M. Langston,

rs, knowing them as I know them, I realize that John M. L. is a member of the Law Department of

lo in his best days; that Robert Brown E is a better scholar and speaker than Laurence Keitt, who having helped to create the rebellion, died in fighting for it; and that Benjamin Franklin Turner, of Selma, Alabama, a self-educated slave, and now a freedman in Congress, is a better business man than John Forsyth of Georgia. S. H. H.

Frederick Douglass was famous as an orator before the war. With the fall of slavery, however, he rose to the highest position. His eloquence was based on the best models. Captivating, persuasive, and often profound, he wielded an increasing influence in both races.

attention than Robert Purvis, of Philadelphia. I hope some day to relate the romance of his life. Born in Columbia, South Carolina, it is fifty-three years ago, when he was about fifteen years old. A few weeks since he returned to his native city, and was eagerly welcomed by his own people, and by many of the old citizens of the city. He is a very pleasant, friendly, and kind man.

and had watched his own career with friends and family. The changes wrought in this, more than a century, were more than revolutionary. The stone rejected by the builders had become the head of the column. The magnates had disappeared, and those who made them so had taken their places. It was a bewildering dream.

the retributive fact stood prominent. The descendants of Calhoun, Rhett, McQueenie, and Brooks no longer ruled like their fathers. New influences and new ideas prevailed. Purvis stood among his kindred like another Van Winkle, with the difference that he was forgotten; and, as he walked the streets of Sumatra and received the ovation of his friends.

harleston, he saw and felt that, although slavery was dead and the old slave-lords deposed, the sun shone, the grass grew, the flowers bloomed, the birds caroled, and the waters ran as white as magnates lived on the labor of others as good as themselves, and often died confessing that they had work must come to a bitter end.

of education, travel, good association, and a natural self-respect. Few would distinguish him to be what he often proudly calls himself, a "negro." His complexion is not darker than that of Soule or Manning. His manners are quiet and courtly. His general knowledge is large, and his conversation easy and intellectual. Editorial work is some of the best of our Philadelphia

...before there was any prejudice against a
reputable man or woman of color, and when
repeated votes were thrown at all the elections.
reached sixty, universally esteemed. His
family is among the most refined in the aristocratic
country neighborhood where he lives, and his
commands respect of others by the courtesy

es. Yet, while he walks erect in all circles, he yields to none in the graces of manhood and the observances of what we call society, he is the ardent friend of his people, determined that they shall eventually secure all their civil, political and religious rights. He has no other aim, he has now their political rights. No more powerful or influential man will sit among the delegates of the people.

to the Philadelphia National Convention on Wednesday, the 5th of June, 1872. These colored colleagues of Robert Purvis in the South gather around their friend and teacher, how many a story they could relate of their individual lives. Each has had his romantic and reality. Their struggles as slaves, their experience as freedmen, their "hair-breadth escapes."

William Cutler Bryant on James Gordon Bennett.

He never enlightened the public mind
variety or extent of his information nor
acted it by the earnestness of his convictions

was not a statesman, nor a scholar, nor a philanthropist, nor even a politician. What he aspired to do day to day was said merely to produce sensation, to raise a laugh, or to confirm a vulgar prejudice; and, so far as he had any influence as a writer, it was one that debased and corrupted the community in which his paper was read. He did more to, vulgarize the type of

is in this country than any man ever before connected with it; and the worst caricatures that the genius of Balzac, Dickens and Thackeray has given us of the low, slang-whanging, dissolute and principled Bohemian, of the Lowsteens, Jeffries, Bricks, and Captain Shandons of the journalistic profession, fail to depict what Bennett is.

ly was. His earlier career, indeed, was
useful and disgusting that he was banished
from respectable society, and the impression
was so strong that, with all the wealth he
subsequently made by the prostitution of his
energy and talent, he could not procure social re-
ception anywhere.—*N. Y. Post.*

CORRESPONDENT of the KANSAS CITY PRESS writes that nine-tenths of the railroad accidents are caused through the negligence and ignorance of the conductors and firemen. He thinks that no one should be allowed to handle a train unless he is a practical mechanic, and should not have charge of more than twenty miles of road, which should be walked over at least once a week.

